

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

Commonwealth Mouse

▶ ONE HARDLY KNOWS whether to exclaim more loudly over the nebulous nature of the Report which issued from the mountainous labors of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers at London or over the pious double-talk with which most of our newspapers have greeted it. Messrs St. Laurent and Abbott appear to have returned from London with smiles on their faces like that on the face of the cat who has just swallowed the canary. So we may conclude that the Canadian delegates were very successful in killing the proposal which furnished the main purpose of the London meetings, i.e., the proposal to repeat the 1932 effort toward a Commonwealth that shuts out foreign trade as much as possible and lives on mutual intra-Commonwealth preferences.

In fact, the only concrete statement that occurs in the long Report of the Conference lets us understand that this drive for increased imperial preferences had to be abandoned. "On the initiative of the United Kingdom, a discussion took place on a proposal that all Commonwealth countries should join in seeking a release from the 'no new preference' rule in GATT, and this U.K. proposal was supported by the representatives of some countries. Representatives of other countries (i.e., Canada) felt that such an approach would not advance the agreed objective of restoring multilateral world trade, and the conference was therefore unable to support it."

The Conference also refused to adopt any schemes for fixed prices on such primary commodities as rubber, tin and wool.

These two negative decisions seem to have been about the only concrete conclusions that were reached in this over-advertised meeting. The rest of the Report is a collection of pious sermonettes about the evils of inflation, the desirability of increasing production, the need for each state to achieve a stable balance of payments, and the devotion of everybody to "convertibility." These fine sentiments, of course, commit nobody to anything more specific than to being against sin. Indeed, any reader whose memory extends back for twenty years will be reminded of the noble statements which used to issue from economic and disarmament conferences at Geneva in the early 1930's. No finer examples of economic common sense and political liberalism have ever appeared in print than those Geneva pronouncements; but the members of the League kept right on pursuing policies which were exactly the opposite of those enunciated by their expert delegates at the Geneva meetings. Time alone will

tell whether this London meeting will be followed by an aftermath of similar futility.

The nigger-in-the-woodpile of this particular conference may be discerned sticking his head out through the interstices in Section 19 of the Report. On the subject of removing import restrictions: "The sterling Commonwealth countries will not all be able to remove the restrictions at the same time. In particular, the representatives of some countries (i.e., Britain) have emphasized that they must continue to use their exchange resources in a manner which enables them

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to carry out their planned development programmes most effectively."

The only other point in the Report about which one would like to ask some questions arises out of the announcement that Mr. Churchill is going to Washington sometime early in 1953 to talk to President Eisenhower about all the vaguely defined issues on which the Commonwealth delegates reached still more vaguely defined conclusions. Did Messrs. St. Laurent and Abbott authorize Winston to make representations on their behalf to the Washington Government? What is our Canadian Embassy supposed to be doing in Washington?

Editorials

John D. Robins

The Canadian Forum regrets very much to go into a new year looking as though it had lost one of its best friends, but unfortunately that is precisely what has happened.

John Robins, Professor of English at Victoria College, Toronto, was one of the most active contributors both to *The Forum* itself and to its predecessor *The Rebel* in the years immediately following the First World War. He wrote stories, sketches, and humorous parodies, but as he was modest about his own works to the verge of self-deprecation, he made no attempt to publish them. Even when he edited, with Margaret Ray, the anthology of Canadian humor which was published a year ago, it did not occur to him to reprint anything of his own. *The Canadian Forum* took a different view, and reprinted "The Golfic Mysteries," as a supplement to his collection. Two years ago he gave a series of talks over the CBC on the history of *The Forum* which showed how long standing his interest in us had been.

Many readers of this magazine have been students of his, many more will have known him through his radio work and through his two widely read and well loved books, *The Incomplete Anglers* and *Cottage Cheese*. Still others will remember him as a close friend and warm supporter of many of Canada's best painters. However he is remembered, it is no exaggeration to say that he was a central figure in the cultural history of Canada. His academic training was in German philology and the Teutonic languages, including Old and Middle English, and, being a scholar and not a pedant, he grasped the close connection in mood between that period and his own. To find anything analogous to the Canadian culture of the early twentieth century, with its uneasy mingling of the sophisticated and the primitive, one has to go back to the Europe of the great migrations. And John Robins, a highly civilized scholar and teacher, was at the same time a kind of modern minstrel. Everyone who came in contact with him knew of his vast fund of stories, folk tales, ballads, songs, and of his encyclopaedic knowledge of primitive and popular literature. But it would be a mistake to think of him simply as a great entertainer. His anthology, *A Pocketful of Canada*, for all its unpretentiousness, is actually a powerful analysis of the cultural development of the country; he saw, perhaps more clearly than anyone else has seen, the shaping and growth of Canadian writing and painting out of the conditions of Canadian life. Of the sense of personal loss this is perhaps not the place to speak, and those of our readers who knew him, in the flesh or through books, will not require that anything should be said.

New Methods For Labor?

The election of Walter Reuther to the presidency of the CIO comes at a time when new methods are plainly needed to lead America's mighty trade union movement. Older leaders of labor in America—Philip Murray as well as William Green—looked upon labor federations as forms of mutual aid to protect the purely trade union interests of their individual unions. Expression of broader interests became a part of the labor rhetoric in recent years—even for the A.F. of L.—but labor congresses were mainly for the quite conservative purpose of consolidating past achievements. Walter Reuther has shown ample promise already of being a labor leader on a vastly different plane. He sees labor creatively, as architects of the future. There is some significance in the fact that Reuther's opponents in the battle for CIO leadership wanted to set up the presidency of that body on a paid, full-time basis. This move would have symbolized the aspect of permanence so far as the CIO is concerned. But many in the CIO do not feel that the organization need be permanent, that its purpose has been served and its battles won both inside and outside the A.F. of L.

Just where Walter Reuther stands on this question it is not possible to state definitely. It is, however, unlikely that so politically-conscious a person as Mr. Reuther has not considered that democratic labor is only strong politically in those countries in which the trade union movement is united, socially conscious and mature.

Quaint Quebec

There is no denying it, Premier Duplessis is a tireless, though somewhat limited, booster of tourism for Quebec. What is it you wish to see in addition to quaint villages, quaint houses and quaint folk-ways?

Would you care to see how law was administered in olden days? Come to Montreal and you may witness a trial against a housewife for purchasing margarine, based on the testimony of a neighbourly gossip who splits the fine with the crown.

Perhaps it is the feudalism that interests you? Come to Quebec City and learn how a lord and master decides through censorship of television what his thanes may allow into their own homes.

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXXII, No. 384

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED
16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
Telephone: RA. 3116

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

Or would you like to see how labor was handled a century ago? Come to Louisville and you will witness shootings, beatings, raiding of a labor hall—war by a private army on an entire community.

This is 1953, Monsieur Duplessis, and it is high time to wake up in the real world.

Why the Cyclists?

A story is told about a Hitler meeting in Germany in the old days. Hitler would roar, "And who is responsible for the Versailles Treaty?" and the crowd would roar back, "The Jews!" After several such rhetorical exchanges, a voice was heard from the rear of the hall, "And the cyclists!" Taken aback, Hitler managed to ask, "Why the cyclists?" "Why the Jews?" the voice came back at him.

For more than a generation the Communists have successfully maintained the fiction that racialism had been banished from the Soviet world. Even anti-Communists hesitated to charge Russia with race bias. Consequently, the anti-Jewish uproar at the Czech blood purge surprised the world. Why the Jews? Both for Hitler because of passion and for Stalin because of power, the Jews in Europe are a convenient and harmless group that served admirably as a scapegoat. Furthermore, it gives the "Peoples' Democracies" and the "Peace Camp" the opportunity to posture as the friend of the Arab in the Middle East. *Variety* reports that the East Germans have recently begun the distribution, in the Middle East, of the vicious film "Jew Süss," made by the Nazi Viet Harlan and banned in West Germany.

Why the Jews? That's an easy one. Rather ask, what next for the Jews? What do you say, Joe? (Salsberg, that is.)

Comment From Oxford

A correspondent in Oxford University writes as follows: I was present here on St. Andrew's Day at a meeting in which the Rt. Hon. D. C. Abbott—in England for the Commonwealth Economic Conference—addressed a group, mainly of Canadian students. It was an amusing clash of hard business realism (covered by political bonhomie) and student idealism. After the Minister had portrayed the great increase of Canadian prosperity in the last 13 years—coincidental with his being in the House of Commons—he was attacked by the young. One, a self-confessed Ontario Liberal, wanted to know what the Government was doing to strengthen the moral concept of the Commonwealth. A number of others asked for further information on the proclaimed export of Canadian capital since the war:—where was it going? Was it helping the underdeveloped countries of Africa and Asia? What about Canada's small contribution to the Colombo Plan? The answers were firm: there could be no increase without cuts in defence expenditure or the social services—specifically Mr. Abbott mentioned old age pensions at 70—for Canada was taxed heavily enough as it was. In fact the Government couldn't sell the Colombo Plan to the prairie farmers (perhaps they haven't heard of wheat-scarcity in South Asia).

Perhaps businessmen can't look ahead; perhaps Mr. Abbott can't see that, as he talks of the need of overseas markets for Canada, these countries might provide them if the initial pump-priming were done: for, in raising the standard of life, the standard of demand and consumption is included.

All Gawd's Chillun

There are two forces in Canada more powerful by far than organized wisdom, and experimental science: they are ignorance and folly. That this is not more evident is owing

to a certain quality of horse sense present even in fools that tells them when to come in out of the rain, and when to send for the doctor. Occasionally the folly becomes conspicuously destructive, when it arouses some feeble outcry from others in the country who do not feel that Faith though it can move mountains can heal structural illness; or that the Bible, though it may predict the second coming, can foretell the events of tomorrow.

It is difficult to discuss these things with faith healers without exasperation for they are immune to the usual technique of argument by reasoned exposition. These howling dervishes put on a good show, and as such, are possibly worth the sums contributed by their hard-working followers. But when the things they say lead people directly to their death, they should be subject to the same criminal action that confronts a drunk in charge of a motor vehicle.

There is no *a priori* argument that can convince them of their error. When a faith healer breaks a leg, and it sets badly it is not because the system is wrong: it is because his faith was inadequate. When similarly, a diabetic maiden in a fine glow of mistaken religious emotion stops taking her insulin, and promptly dies, the fault again is not with faith healing, but with the victim who obviously lacked faith.

The principle of religious freedom is so important that we feel it unwise to prohibit it, even in such a form. When an eccentric religious group refuses the benefits of medical science, we believe in letting them alone. Darwinian natural selection will eliminate them soon enough. However, we are not obliged to permit their apostles to enter our country, to our collective detriment. Mr. Valdes (and those like him) should be told of this before he spends money in hiring a hall and a band of satellite entertainers. J.M.

Twenty-five Years Ago

VOL. 8, NO. 88, JANUARY, 1928, *The Canadian Forum*.

The results of the convention of the U.F.O. are disappointing to all those who had hoped that the farmers might have some useful contributions to make to our political life. In any form of democracy it is essential that the government should be kept up to the mark by a keen and alert opposition, but in Canada the platforms of our main parties are now so similar in construction that it requires an unusually acute eye to discover any great difference between the two. With the Conservative and Liberal parties seeing eye to eye on nearly all important questions, the only real criticism of policy in Parliament comes from the small Farmer and Labor groups. However, to elect Members of Parliament, it is necessary that any party should be able to maintain a 'united front' and reduce internal dissension to a minimum, but this is what the Farmer and Labor groups have been unable to do. Both are organized industrially as well as politically, and each have some members who are willing to give loyal support in industrial action but wish to retain their political affiliations with the older parties. Unless these members develop political 'class-consciousness' it may be necessary for the Farmer and Labor groups to form separate political and industrial organizations.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

The United States Election

Seymour Martin Lipset

► THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS should not have surprised the readers of *The Canadian Forum*, as my two articles published in the March and October issues successfully predicted the election. If anyone will bother to go back to the March number, he will find my statement that "I would not be surprised if Eisenhower received sixty per cent of the vote." I must confess, however, that I, like most Americans, was surprised on November 4th. The twenty-year reign of the Democrats, and more significantly, the Truman victory in 1948, somehow prevented most persons from accepting the fact that all available signs pointed to an Eisenhower victory. The data of the pollsters, for example, showed Eisenhower with a tremendous lead. Practically every state poll indicated the same thing. Yet the pollsters were afraid to report their own findings, and published them with so many hedges that they cannot claim credit for successfully reporting the state of public opinion in the country.

Why did Eisenhower win? No one variable may explain such a large change, but Eisenhower's personal appeal seems to stand out. If we re-examine the history of the Eisenhower candidacy in the last seven years, this factor stands out so clearly, we can all now wonder why we forgot it between July and November. In 1945, President Truman at Potsdam, suddenly offered Eisenhower his personal support for the Presidency in 1948. Between 1946 and 1948, a number of polling organizations kept reporting that every time they asked the open end question, who would you like to see as President, Eisenhower led the list among both Democrats and Republicans. When trial runs were made in which Eisenhower was identified as a Democrat running against various Republican candidates, or as a Republican running against various Democrats, including President Truman, he always came out far in the lead. Questions concerning the greatest living American continually brought the answer, Eisenhower.

The general public was not alone in idolizing Eisenhower. The leaders of almost every politically important group in American life attempted to get Eisenhower as their candidate in 1947-1948. Many persons have forgotten it, but during the year before the 1948 nominating conventions, many leaders of the Americans for Democratic Action (A.D.A.), many Southern Democrats, and many Republican leaders and big businessmen all endorsed Eisenhower for President. Jake Arvey, who sponsored Adlai Stevenson's entrance in politics, was an ardent Eisenhower man in 1948. Since the election I have been investigating the basis of this 1948 Eisenhower support. The labor leaders who backed him are reputed to have based their support on reports of some private speeches which he made to business groups criticizing their stand on labor. These presumed speeches are all in the category of rumor, but the labor leaders believed them. One leading liberal, who had been active in a number of New Deal groups, had heard that Mamie Eisenhower was a friend of Mrs. Henry Wallace, and this was enough for him. The Southern Democrats knew of his stand in favor of segregation in the Armed Services. The liberals had seen statements of his attacking racial discrimination. The Republicans and business leaders knew of his conservative speeches on economic matters. Everyone knew of his war record, no one knew or cared about his party identification.

Eisenhower, as we know, refused to run in 1948, but this

did not stop the clamor from both sides. Liberals such as Paul Douglas, the editors of the *New Republic*, and many others urged him on the Democrats for 1952. Harry Truman tried again to get him to run as a Democrat in 1952. Eisenhower, however, as I indicated in my March *Forum* article, was clearly a right-wing conservative on domestic matters, and consistent to his economic philosophy accepted the nomination of the Republican Party. There was actually only one major group in the country that disliked him before 1952, and that was the isolationist Republicans, who identified him with internationalism and the Roosevelt-Truman foreign policies.

Given this fantastic history of idolatry of one man, the amazing thing is not that he won the election by a landslide, receiving over 55 per cent of the popular vote, but that he did not win by a larger majority. During the campaign, many Democrats and liberals deluded themselves into believing or hoping that his campaign concessions to the right-wing and isolationist Republicans, such as McCarthy, Jenner, and Taft, would alienate any support that he might have picked up from traditional Democratic and independent voters who disliked these men and their policies. There is little doubt that he did alienate some support among Negroes, Jews, and middle-class intellectuals, but that was about all. His opponents forgot that his appeal had made them deceive themselves about his views as long as they thought he might run on their ticket. Why should anyone have expected the voters who wanted Eisenhower to change a decision that had been made for four or more years, because of a few campaign actions? If the A.D.A. leaders, if Paul Douglas, if Walter Reuther, could have ignored a much longer history of Eisenhower's opposition to most of what they stood for, then why should the average voter have not put up with Jenner and Taft for a few months, assuming that many of them really cared or knew about his associations with these men?

Eisenhower must be seen as a gigantic projective blob on the American political scene. Something about his personality, about the image which most Americans have about him, is such that they want to believe that he is on their side, that he believes what they believe. What he says and does is less important than the nature of this belief. Such projection onto a national leader is not new, either in American politics, or in other countries. Many Americans felt the same way about Roosevelt. American liberals simply refused to accept the fact that Roosevelt's policies between 1936 and 1939 were aiding Franco in Spain through the maintenance of the embargo. The standard liberal explanation of the U.S. embargo on Spain was that it was a result of Fascist or Catholic influence in the State Department. Somehow, Roosevelt was not responsible, but rather was the victim of a plot in the State Department. (The idea of a plot in the State Department is not new, McCarthy has only changed its political direction.) Ignazio Silone in his book, *Fontamara*, tells the story, which is reputedly true, of the efforts of young Fascists to organize a new march on Rome to liberate Mussolini from the reactionaries who have imprisoned him and prevent him from carrying out the real Fascist program. Similar stories came out of Nazi Germany, and could probably be replicated for any other revered political leaders. Somehow, when a leader takes on the aura of what Max Weber called *charisma*, the location of a state of grace in the person of the leader rather than his specific role or action, reality begins to disappear as a criterion for judgment.

It is, of course, true that Eisenhower's image is not the whole answer to the election results. The man and the situation must jibe, there must be a need for a dominant leader, and a defined crisis, which he must be called to

solve. The consequences of the cold war plus the hot one in Korea, have undoubtedly bothered and frightened many Americans. The administration, and Adlai Stevenson, had no program to propose to solve this crisis. Whether such a program could be devised is dubious, but the fact remains, that a government or party which says that a situation is out of their control is in a bad position when compared with an opposition that says it will do something. Eisenhower and the Republicans were able to appeal both to those who would solve the Korean stalemate by an enlarged war, and those who want to get out of Korea. Eisenhower's only real proposal was that HE would go to Korea. This is, of course, meaningless, but given the trust in Eisenhower, it undoubtedly meant something to many people.

I think that it is necessary for Canadians, and other persons outside of the United States, to realize what the Korean War means to America. Every day, now, for two and one half years, young Americans are dying in Korea. Every American boy reaching the age of eighteen faces the probability of being drafted, and the possibility of being sent to an active battle front. There is no visible end in sight. As far as the public knows, this war may go on for another ten or more years. It is one of the endless frontier wars, which George Orwell predicted in 1984. One cannot expect American youth and parents simply to tolerate this condition without some form of protest. Something had to give in the situation, and Eisenhower, the man who led us to victory and ended the Second World War, appeared as a candidate. He promised to end this one, while Stevenson promised the equivalent of "blood, sweat, and tears." Stevenson was morally right, but politically was in a hopeless position.

An additional important related factor was the Communism-in-government issue. This charge was not new, it had been raised against the New Deal since the mid-thirties. The difference between the present and the thirties, however, is precisely the difference in the international situation. How can one explain the fact that within a few years after we won the greatest war in history, the entire fruits of victory disappeared, five hundred million people have come under Communist rule, and a new and endless war is on? The simplest and clearest answer is the oldest one in history, it is a result of a plot, a plot of Communists inside the American government. In Germany, the depression was a plot of the Jews; to medieval man, epidemics were caused by witches or by Jews. The theme and the reaction is not new. About the only difference is that this time, there is some evidence of truth in it. Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Communists in the State Department and the White House actually did exist. Of course, it is nonsense to attribute major political consequences to their actions, but their existence helped to make people accept the charge of a plot.

Before closing, I would like to deal briefly with the Democratic campaign and Adlai Stevenson. In the short time that he had to present himself to the American people, Stevenson revealed himself as a major positive force in American life. Whatever one says against him, and I do not retract any of my criticisms in my October *Forum* article, he did reveal himself as the rare thing, a principled politician. He did try to make deals and compromises, and those which he made, the Sparkman nomination, the efforts to hold the Dixiecrats, the attempt to keep McCarran in the party, hurt him far more than helped him. Harry Truman helped him politically more than he did himself by



DEVOLUTION IN QUEBEC

pointing up the issues of jobs and economic welfare, civil rights, and the McCarran Act. Nevertheless, Stevenson treated the American electorate as intelligent human beings who had the right to know where a prospective candidate stood on all of the major issues that faced the country. He attempted in the beginning of his campaign to ignore historic issues, which made votes for the party, but which were not crucial in 1952. This was a mistake, and I believe that a more outspoken New Deal candidate such as Kefauver would have done better than Stevenson, but no one could have beaten Eisenhower. One may hope that Adlai Stevenson continues in American political life.

There is one other major event in this campaign and that is its revelation that the traditional Democratic big city machines are dead. Everywhere in the country, registration in urban Democratic areas did not increase in numbers comparable to those in Republican areas. In Chicago, registration was the same as in 1948, while in downstate Republican territory it rose by over 300,000. The same thing occurred in New York State. One of the major problems was the fact that the traditional basis for local party organization has disappeared. Patronage has almost vanished as a major political factor in a period of full employment. The old immigrant slum areas can no longer be used as a base for party organization. The Democratic Party can only be rebuilt on an ideological basis comparable to European parties. There is one example, where this has already occurred and has had good results. In Philadelphia, the Democratic majority increased from 6,000 in 1948 to over 160,000 in 1952. The Democratic Party in that city is a new party. Philadelphia was one of the few major urban centres in which the dominant political machine had always been Republican. The Democrats won control of the municipal administration for the first time in 66 years in 1950. The party had been rebuilt by a coalition of the A.D.A. and the labour unions. This new party which recruited active party workers on an ideological basis was able not only to hold back the Eisenhower wave, but to increase the Democratic vote.

It is difficult, however, to see the Democratic party changing its basic organizational character on a national level. The Southern Democrats now form the largest group of Democrats in the Congress. The results of the election have apparently strengthened rather than weakened their position within the party. The Stevenson middle-of-the-road Democrats are not likely to attempt to purge them from the party, since they want to renominate their leader in 1952. In spite of the efforts of the Stevensonites to unify the party, one may expect that the Democratic Party will be much more divided in 1956 than it is today. Opposition will probably accentuate rather than modify the differences between the conservatives and liberals.

Anyone would be rash to attempt to predict political events four years in the future. But, unless the U.S. goes into a major depression, it is difficult to see how a divided Democratic Party will be able to regain enough support to defeat the Republicans in the next presidential elections. This election, far from being a temporary recession for the Democrats, is more likely to last until a new major economic or other crisis.



India Needs Tractors?

Leslie C. Coleman

► IN THE SPRING of 1923, I landed in New York on leave from my post in India. A reporter, learning that I was Director of Agriculture in one of the Indian States, asked me what was the scope for the sale of American tractors for use on Indian farms. I pointed out that the size of the holding actually worked by an Indian farmer or ryot did not exceed five acres, that labor was cheap and that the Indian ryot did not take kindly to co-operative effort. Under these circumstances the chance for any considerable sale of tractors for agricultural purposes seemed very slim.

On the following morning I glanced through a copy of the *New York Times* and found to my astonishment and annoyance a short article headed "Director of Agriculture from India says India needs American tractors". Evidently the reporter knew what I should have said and I decided to let him have the last word. What Americans thought on the subject did not, at that time, greatly concern me and I doubted that an article, even one published in the *New York Times*, would register to confront me on my return to India.

Conditions have profoundly altered since 1923, and it is now a matter of some importance that people of this continent should know what are and what are not the needs of agriculturists in India and other so-called backward countries. It may therefore be of interest if I state briefly what the experience of over a quarter of a century devoted to the improvement of Indian agriculture has taught me in this connection. In this article I shall confine my remarks to the question of agricultural tools and implements leaving a consideration of more important questions to be dealt with later.

In the beginning it may be stated quite definitely that many of India's agricultural tools and implements are admirably adapted to the needs of the Indian ryot. The hand tools—weeders, hoes and others—fill the need much better than would the corresponding tools imported from the West and are, of course, very much cheaper. The bullock hoes of various kinds are excellent cultivating implements and the seed drills are among the most ingeniously constructed implements I have ever seen.

These last in their most elaborate form consist of a wooden seed bowl pierced at the bottom by a circle of twelve holes. These lead to radiating bamboo tubes connected with a cross beam pierced by holes about six inches apart. These lead in turn to twelve short bamboo tynes cut away at the back to prevent clogging much as the tynes on our elaborate seed drills. The whole is held together by a series of ropes and can be readily knocked down and carried on the shoulder to and from the field. The implement is made by the village carpenter and costs the equivalent of not more than five dollars.

If we turn to the wooden plough which is essentially the same throughout the East from Egypt to Indonesia, we have a much less satisfactory implement. It has a V-shaped cross-section and does not invert the soil, but simply scratches a V-shaped furrow not more than four inches deep. A single ploughing is not sufficient so the land has to be cross-ploughed. At times even further ploughing at diagonals to the first two is necessary. It does not bury stubble and manure that is applied to the land, thus delaying the decomposition of this important organic matter. In addition the whole operation is very slow. In years when the rains in the ploughing season are scanty the ryot cannot finish his ploughing before the soil becomes too dry and hard for working. In these cases he will either have to finish it when he

should be putting in his seed or, what frequently happens, he will have to leave the land uncultivated for the season. In either case the result is a reduction in his yield.

With a small improved plough such as was introduced into Mysore State more than forty years ago, these difficulties can be overcome. I may say that tests extending over many years have shown that in years of unfavorable rainfall, ploughing with an improved plough results in significantly higher yields which more than cover the difference in the cost of operation. Ploughs of this type are being manufactured and sold in India, but the progress should be speeded up.

Two main obstacles stand in the way of their more rapid introduction. In the first place they are more expensive to buy and operate than the wooden implement. In the second place the bullocks owned by many ryots are too weak to pull the improved implement. It must be remembered that although this plough is much more efficient than the wooden one, it does about four times as much work in the same time and so its draught is much greater. I may perhaps mention a third supposed drawback advanced fairly recently by a prominent Canadian journalist in an article on India. This author stated that the ryot is too weak to handle an improved plough. This is absurd and shows that neither the author nor his Indian informer knows anything at all about ploughs and ploughing. As a boy of twelve I handled a plough on my father's farm double the size of the ones being commonly sold in India, and found this work about the **easiest and most** interesting of all the farming operations. A plough if properly adjusted requires almost no effort on the part of the ploughman, holding itself steady in the furrow except when it strikes an occasional stone. On the other hand the wooden plough requires continuous and fairly heavy pressure to keep it in the soil. Notwithstanding the drawbacks I have mentioned, I believe the rapid introduction of a small improved plough to be drawn by bullocks is the most important implement improvement that can be made in India.

Is there then no place for the tractor in Indian agriculture? There is of course a place but a very restricted one in areas where land is being newly brought under cultivation through the provision of irrigation or where deep-rooted grasses have got the upper hand and require deep ploughing for their eradication. When, in 1933, I was entrusted by the government with the establishment of an up-to-date sugar industry, I found myself with the task of bringing a thousand acres of waste land under a new irrigation scheme into cultivation for sugar cane. For this large area we had not enough bullocks and bullock ploughs, so I took to the use of tractors. At the same time the ryots in the villages with their bullocks and with improved ploughs we had supplied to them, prepared a total of two thousand acres for sugar cane with equally satisfactory results.

Even in Canada the tractor is hardly an unmixed blessing on the farm where no livestock is kept, as is still often the case on our prairies. It is true that the old practice of burning the straw harvested from the wheatfields is dying out with the spread of the tractor combine which leaves straw and chaff to be incorporated into the soil. However, cattle manure returns much more to the soil than decomposed straw and the latter cannot replace it.

In India and other backward countries reserves of organic material have long since been exhausted and a replacement of draught cattle by mechanical means of cultivation would, even if economically feasible, prove in the end disastrous. I need hardly point out that it is not feasible to keep cattle in India for the sole production of milk while beef production is, of course, out of the question.

If we turn to harvesting machinery, there seems little scope for its general introduction except in areas of desert land recently brought under irrigation in the northwest of India and in West Pakistan. The cultivation of rice in small plots separated by grassy bunds makes the use of harvesting machinery impossible. The dry lands in peninsular India are largely devoted to the various millets, which form the basic cereal food in this large area. The millets are commonly grown mixed with various pulses, which mature over a month later than the cereals, thus effectively preventing the use of reaping machines. This mixed cropping has a sound basis. The millet is a shallow-rooted, the pulse a deep-rooted crop. In favorable seasons the millet grows and keeps the pulse in its place. In years of partial or complete cereal failure the deeper-rooted pulse spreads over the ground, thus ensuring the ryot some return for his labor. Under these conditions it would be unwise for the ryot to grow the two crops on separate pieces of land. There seems therefore little hope of replacing the primitive sickle as a harvesting implement.

Threshing is usually carried out by the use of flails or the treading of bullocks and in my youthful ignorance I thought that here a small wooden threshing machine might be of advantage. I sent one of these out to villages at the harvest season. The demonstrations caused quite a sensation, but it soon became apparent that the machine would not do for the Indian village. First of all the millet was rather badly cracked by the machine. Next it was found that, if anything shook loose or went out of order, work had to be held up for days until replacements could be obtained from headquarters. I found the most effective thresher to be a heavy slightly tapered stone roller which gave a much more even pressure than the treading of bullocks or the beating of a flail. The threshing machine was relegated to our rather large museum of so-called improved implements which had been tried and discarded as unsuitable.

In connection with all our testing of implements—and a great deal was done—two questions of fundamental importance stood out. Firstly, was the implement really an improvement on the one the farmers were using and secondly; could it be supplied at a price the farmers could afford? I regretfully had to give up all thought of attempting to persuade Indian ryots to use implements co-operatively. Like farmers in Canada and other countries with which I am familiar, Indian ryots are a very independent lot and do not take kindly to co-operation. The only kinds of co-operation which, up to the present, have appealed to the Indian ryot are co-operative credit and, to a very restricted extent, co-operative marketing, and the co-operative use of water from tube wells. The co-operative use of agricultural implements has, as far as I am aware, had no success whatever.

I have above briefly sketched results of testing implements and of my experience extending over a period of more than a quarter of a century. I believe the introduction of western implements and agricultural machines should be undertaken only after careful testing under the conditions of the particular country concerned. The suspicion must always remain that the proposal to mechanize the agriculture of these countries is prompted more by a desire to build up a foreign market for our manufactures than by a wish to benefit the countries concerned.

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Shapers of the Modern Outlook

Harold A. Innis (1894-1952)

► AMONG SCHOLARS of the first half of the twentieth century, outside the natural sciences, Professor Harold Innis is likely to occupy a distinguished place. Extraordinary industry in economic history research characterized his entire career. But what made this career still more remarkable and more important for scholarship was the break which he made away from conventional lines of specialized research during the last fifteen years. He began to ask embarrassing questions concerning the values behind the race to produce an even larger quantity of goods, values generally taken for granted alike by economists who profess to follow Alfred Marshall, Lord Keynes or Karl Marx. It is with only this phase of his intellectual career that I shall attempt to write in this brief notice prepared on the occasion of his death.

His earlier studies had all dealt with particular local industries, such as the fur trade of Canada and the fishing trade of North Atlantic. I think that I am right in suggesting that his more penetrating inquiries into the subject of communications grew out of what was in the beginning the intention to do a simpler, more or less conventional history of the paper industry. But by the time he was reaching his middle forties—very often a critical turning point for creative scholars and artists alike—Innis found himself inquiring how discussions were carried on and how advances in knowledge were made before the times of printing and the use of paper. The question led him back beyond, not only the geographical limits of his earlier studies, but beyond the chronological limits of Western civilization. The question also led him to the further question whether, as had been confidently assumed, the modern ways of discussion and the modern methods of advancing knowledge were necessarily better than those of all earlier, less mechanically skillful peoples.

Innis was always searching in, what are for modern economists and historians, out-of-the-way places for insight on these subjects. Here he acquired something of a predilection for the now undervalued Victorians. He would pore over the pages of a scientist like Charles Babbage, a humanistic scholar like Mark Pattison, and a disillusioned man of letters like George Gissing. In the course of these wanderings he would dig out nuggets from their works and put them together, often at great speed, interlarding them frequently with quotations from a number of contemporary historians and economists. He would mix these quotations with new knowledge of printing and papermaking, and of the methods and habits of editors and publishers.

Whether from a lack of earlier training in the profession of letters, from a superabundance of teaching and administrative obligations, or from a premonition that his life was to be cut unduly short, he poured the results of his researches, with an almost feverish enthusiasm, into a host of lectures and articles, which he then collected into books. On that account what he had to say is often hard to follow, but those who persist in the effort of trying to follow, are almost invariably rewarded. This is true of any of his recent books, of which perhaps the three most substantial have been *Political Economy in the Modern State* (1946), *Empire and Communications* (1950), and *The Bias of Communication* (1951).

After scanning the history of communication by means of words from the ancient Egypt of two or three millenniums

before Christ to the modern United States in the mid-twentieth century, Innis held, with much show of evidence, that the highest norm of intelligence, elegance and moral responsibility in the exchange of ideas was probably achieved in the oral tradition of old Greece. The history of Herodotus grew out of his frequent efforts to give verbally an account of the past to audiences at Athens and other Greek cities in the peninsula and overseas. If Socrates, who has frequently been called the wisest of men, ever wrote a line, no evidence of this has survived.

The spoken word at its best, as this has been preserved for us (almost miraculously in the case of the Greeks), is a very scarce article. The spoken word at its best is not to be confused with the daily communications which go on within the family or which take place in connection with work or travel. The spoken word at its best represents an effort of men to put ideas of universal concern to human beings everywhere and always into permanent, enduring messages. This the Greeks apparently achieved better than other peoples. They achieved most of it within a short space of time, hardly more than a century and a half, and in communities which seldom numbered more than 100,000 inhabitants. The exchanges, the communications, were seldom carried on among more than a dozen men, and the very intimacy that this setting made possible was one of the conditions which helped a happy few to speak for and to humanity.

What of communications among our western European ancestors? Innis gave considerable attention in his papers to some fundamental work on the social and intellectual history of architecture by the late Geoffrey Scott. In his *Architecture of Humanism*, Scott held that the first consequence of the invention of printing was to increase greatly the effective influence of ideas. Before the end of the fifteenth century (when printing presses and publishing houses began to multiply in Europe), the genius of classical antiquity, as expressed in its great writers, and the revelation of the Bible, had been carefully preserved in a few scarce manuscripts, some of them written and bound with an enduring perfection never obtained since. Partly because of their scarcity and perfection, these messages from the past had obtained an immense prestige. But what made the prestige so remarkable was not these material externals. It was the continuous living experience with these messages by the educated and saintly men of Europe, who were constantly renewing these old traditions, which is to say giving them fresh meaning.

For some generations after the invention of printing in the mid-fifteenth century, down until the late eighteenth century, the dissemination of ideas and information through a greatly increased number of books, added enormously to the accessibility of written works without seriously diminishing their prestige. Then technical inventions, especially since about 1800, produced a flood of cheap paper and made it possible to print fat newspapers daily by the million.

Innis' work suggests that the overwhelming multiplication in the means of communication—which was carried still farther with the coming of the radio and of television—has been harmful in two ways. First, as Geoffrey Scott pointed out and predicted, the increasing quantity has tended to destroy the prestige of serious information, of responsible carefully worked out ideas, and of inspired utterances made not infrequently under circumstances of quiet intimacy. Consequently the new power to address words and pictures to hundreds of millions, on a planet much more populated than ever before, has led communicators to try to reach a lower denominator of intelligence and taste than in the past, to the impoverishment of both thought and art,

and to the fortification of the dislike and hatred which exists among classes and among nations.

The stimulating effect of an audience on the mind does not apparently increase with the increase in numbers; a very few persons will often serve to bring out the best in a speaker quite as well as hundreds of thousands. Furthermore, there is something particularly moving and inspiring for the speaker in the direct contact with a living audience, which is lost when the message has to be transmitted through media that are mechanical. Plenty of people hear and see the speaker, with the coming of the radio and television, but he has often ceased to see and feel any immediate human contacts.

These and other judgments, unorthodox by the current standards of journalism, economics and research, were packed into Innis' meaty last volumes. Often the judgments appeared in the words of others. Innis never developed them into more philosophical statements of his own. He went quickly on to other subjects and other judgments.

Innis had gained a high reputation for solid meticulous research before he embarked on these rapid flights of his last years. Consequently, in spite of their unorthodox character and the startling implications of their criticisms, his books were accepted by the profession of university professors and dons. Had such statements come from a man of letters, an artist or a professed Christian, they would have been more expected and more suspect. By the worldly standards which the profession applies, Innis was a great success no less in the United States than in Canada and, during his last years, in Great Britain. I do not think that most of those who gave him this success were really aware of what he was saying. More than ever in our age of hurried reading (where some professors hand books to their students to absorb for them), men and women see on the printed page less what is there, than what from the title and the specialty of the author they expect to find. But, if and when men and women begin again to read, to digest and to meditate, to approach books as books and not as the products of specialists or popularizers, the *temoignage* of Innis awaits them.

JOHN NEF.

Peterborough, Ontario

Hilda Kirkwood

► PETERBOROUGH, THE THRIVING home of 38,000 citizens, lies in the heart of south-eastern Ontario. A plan for development up to a population of 50,000 is in operation. The latter figure was once mentioned by the *Peterborough Examiner* as an ideal size for a city. While, it is true that there is no comparison, one reflects that the great cities of the past were not the overgrown monsters that modern cities are, and it is possible in a place of moderate size to have the amenities without the difficulties that hugeness entails.

For the first forty years of this century Peterborough would have been described as "industrial" and that would have almost summed it up except for certain physical advantages. The past fifteen years have changed its aspect. Industry has indeed flourished. But it is no longer All. A new fullness of community life has grown, developed and to some extent borne fruit. This is not quite the miraculous change it appears to be to the casual observer, or to one coming late upon the scene. There had been another sort of life in Peterborough as early as 1833, when John Langton, that indefatigable letter-writer, noted that it was "a very pretty, picturesque, thriving village with near thirty genteel families in visiting distance." Another gentleman settler travelling in those parts reported that he "disliked the mean houses" but noted that Peterborough had the reputation of containing a number of military and naval half-pay officers of Britain and the society to be the most brilliant and polished in Upper Canada. This beginning had a lasting effect upon Peterborough's social make-up.

About 1900 this country town with some local manufacturing had begun to be overlaid by the expansion of American industry seeking suitable places for development and access to the Canadian markets. Here on the Otonabee, a short but voluminous river fed by the Kawartha Lakes and part of the Trent Waterway, was the ideal spot. Power was just a matter of small dams, and the town was by this time connected to the main rail lines by short feeder routes. Cheap



"KINGFISHER" (Wood Engraving)—LAURENCE HYDE

land, low assessments and an influx of labor from the British Isles were the main attractions.

It was at this time that the much-mooted hydraulic lift-lock was opened at Peterborough to expedite traffic in the Trent Valley Canal. This proved to be an expensive toy but has been useful as a trade-mark.

"From the small grist mill of Adam Scott to the modern plant of Quaker Oats Company is a long stride, and between the modest efforts of the first skilled artisans and the pretentious works of the Canadian General Electric of today, lies a story of achievement of which any community might justly be proud," says the *Peterborough Industrial Review* grandiloquently. Looking at it from another viewpoint one wonders what Adam Scott, the original settler who exchanged United States for Peterborough, Canada, would have thought had he known that the industrial strength of his chosen settlement would be largely the offshoot of American industry and capital. Alack and well-a-day!

It is now, nevertheless, a prosperous and economically stable city. There is no great accumulation of wealth and no real poverty. The diversity of its products, from pocket watches to popped cereal, protects Peterborough from the fate of localities dominated by one large organization. The total labor force is estimated at about fourteen thousand, with the Canadian General Electric by far the greatest employer. This plant was not unionized until immediately after the second world war and unionization is not yet complete. The workers of this city have been very slow in accepting unions, although a small conservative A. F. of L. group has existed for many years.

Perhaps Peterborough has not been as widely known as other cities of its size throughout the country. It is roughly equal in size to Kingston, an older city and a university centre, or Saskatoon, a more isolated one. Set among its hills and slightly off the beaten track of the lakeshore, it has until recently preserved a rather insular character of its own.

It is in fact, one of the first fifteen cities of the nation in the value of its manufactured goods and its average family income was estimated at \$4,777 in 1951, well above the Canadian average. A middle-of-the-road sort of place, not given to flurries of extremes, it is sometimes accused of the sins of mediocrity. This is usually a case of the kettle calling the pot black. Peterborough is not near enough to any larger centre to be overshadowed by its influence, being one hundred miles east of Toronto and about two hundred and fifty miles south-west of Ottawa. The racial origin of its citizens is largely British, with about one-third Irish Roman Catholic, mostly descendants of the "selected" Irish immigrants brought out in 1827 by the Honourable Peter Robinson after whom the city is named. (There are shades of our recent "screenings" in the word "selected" found in the old records, as if, officially, Europeans had always been like peas being sorted for North America.) The Protestant-Roman Catholic division is very pronounced in educational, social and political spheres.

Business men predominate at present in the city council, kept there by a voting body in which there are a large number of industrial workers who give their silent support to their conservative representatives. Only one representative of labor is included, and there have never been any women on the council. This discrimination against women is threatened at present by the presence of two women on the school board. The old order may change. Being Peterborough, it will change cautiously.

There is a bleakness about the architecture of almost any Ontario town, except the very oldest, which in winter, combined with bare trees and cold winds, may prejudice the stranger. Especially if he should arrive by train through coal

yards and sooty black door steps and be set down upon one of those grim streets adjoining the factories, he may "dislike the mean houses" of the lean and crowded brick era, forbiddingly bolted and curtained-looking. But springtime rescues these streets from their drabness for Peterborough's rows of maples cast their leafy shadows on the crowded and the uncrowded. In the more spacious residential sections on the higher land away from the river, the clear air of the Kawartha country is quite different from the mugginess along the shores of Lake Ontario. So in the leafy seasons, Peterborough is pretty and pleasant by reason of its trees and lawns and hills. One who wanders about with an eye open may discover several lovely old houses of stone or plaster, but most of the grandeur is nineteenth century style, imposing clutters of brick and gingerbread. There are of course hundreds of the recently built smart modern houses of rather stereotyped design.

Among the usual mediocrities of a small city's main street there are interesting features. In the very oldest section, on a Saturday morning one will come upon the outdoor section of the farmer's market, a colorful and lively affair. Farther up the street, northward, is the new city hall, a decided improvement over the old one, with clear pseudo-classic lines, although surmounted for some inexplicable reason by an eighteenth century cupola!

The unusual and beautiful memorial to the soldiers of the two world wars is in the square opposite the city hall. This was designed by Walter Allward, the creator of the Canadian memorial at Vimy Ridge, and is a unique and interesting arrangement of two symbolical figures cast in bronze upon separated granite bases. This is one of the few first war memorials in Ontario not hopelessly outdated and inartistic. For long it was resented for its differentness, but has now become a part of the landscape. It is not extreme by wider comparisons; one is reminded more of Rodin than of Henry Moore.

There is no place in a brief sketch for the details of the educational and religious life of the community. The general level of school-staffs is high, and the older collegiate (there are now two) has provided the universities with its share of outstanding scholars, men of arts and sciences, who of course must go outside to employ their abilities and training. There is a provincial Normal School, but no university or other college.

In common with those of all other Canadian communities Peterborough's citizens devote much time, interest and money to organized sports. At present lacrosse seems to be representing the Kawartha area very successfully in the national competitions. There are the usual rinks, arenas and baseball fields. Victorious sportsmen are entertained at civic banquets. (Painters and writers must be content to feast upon their honors). The two golf courses provide a certain commentary on the social make-up of the city. The one, an old club, has pretensions to exclusiveness. The other, underwritten by a large industry, is theoretically democratic. They are neither of course. A unique area of park land, given by a far-sighted nineteenth century resident, is well maintained, and is a great blessing to the people.

Clubs and organizations proliferate like bind weed: fraternities, church groups, school groups, musicians, painters and actor groups, film viewers, craft workers, camera clubs, social services, service clubs, sports clubs, radio forums, and political groups. Concert artists, speakers and outstanding films are brought in and well patronized.

In a very short time a strong Little Theatre movement has mushroomed into being. Under the direction of one Robertson Davies, the group will produce "King Phoenix," a play

by its own director, early this year. The Summer Theatre is vigorously supported and is an extremely good company.

The good burghers also come to view the work of their two outstanding painters, Jack Hamer, a fine water-colorist who exhibits in the larger centres of Canadian art, and that of Oscar Schlinger, a painter of some reputation abroad. Both these men were originally outlanders who had their training elsewhere. They are encouraged by hard-working groups of amateurs, but are not patronized as they should be by the general public. Affairs have improved somewhat since the time in 1884 when Catharine Farr Traill, the pioneer writer, had to borrow oleographs "after" Holman Hunt, Rosa Bonheur and Tadmara, in order to hold an art exhibit for the edification of the townsfolk, but they still buy oleographs or their modern equivalent.

This city is fortunate in its chief librarian, Mr. Wm. Graff. In the absence of a community centre he has very successfully combined these functions with that of the library. The library is well-staffed, has an excellent general collection and good files. It houses art exhibits, children's art classes, and the small beginnings of a civic art collection, all since the war.

Peterborough is a pleasant place physically. Although in the past its atmosphere has sometimes seemed overwhelmingly complacent, with its growth a new dimension has been added to community life which ultimately will be at least as valuable as its puffed cereals and shiny refrigerators.

Winter Walk

Young Mrs. Pringle, tiptoe jingle,
Out for a walk on a four o'clock dingle
Wheeling your son who is tooting up two
Out for a walk where who meets who
What will you manage for dinner to-night?
Home, oh home, from your four o'clock flight?
Pudding is made but beds are not
Better get home or you'll get caught.
The sun is a dying leprechaun
Shadows are freezing across the lawn
Better get home, get back, get there,
There aren't any violets in your hair.

Violet Anderson.

Head of a Young Girl

No snake-encircled stone
More subtly can conceal
The strength that wraps it in
Than this distinguished skull
Whose woven-with-copper cap
Might momentarily untress
A burning bush, out-leap
A fountain's springing up,
Most lavish without loss.

Elizabeth Harrison.



Dr. J. B. Sterling of Montreal told a meeting of the Edmonton branch of the EIC that university students hoping to become engineers "are a tough crowd to deal with." "They have the terrible idea that social security is important," he said. "When they apply for jobs now they ask 'What about pension plans and holidays, and do I have to go out of town?'" "A country like Canada cannot be built by people with that kind of mentality," Dr. Sterling said.

(Toronto Star)

Windsor, Nov. 28.—If it hadn't been for Omer Bissonnette, Stanley Dagg would have been acquitted today of receiving a stolen television set. But, since Mr. Bissonnette, a member of the jury that heard the case, doesn't speak or understand any language but French, Dagg will face a new trial. No one knew Mr. Bissonnette knew practically no English until the jury was polled after the trial.

(Globe and Mail)

Sensationally new! At last you can have your own pony "branded" with your first name right across his front. Kids from 6 months to 10 years get the pony rides of their lives when they ride this Buckin' Bronco across the range! You can sit on him, kick him, bounce him, whip him—but you won't hurt him. He'll ask for more. He "neighs" with each bounce, almost human! (Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

Montreal, Nov. 14 (CP).—Mayor Camillien Houde said today . . . "I may go to Ottawa more often in the future." He said he didn't take his seat in the Commons more often because, "I don't want to get too interested in politics there unless I'm ready to get into it completely."

(Globe and Mail)

Here's what this picture-covered box contains . . . walking soldiers, a push plane, pull-back station-wagon and trailer, 20 army field equipment pieces, 23 individual soldiers, great big western trigger gun, and honest-to-goodness miniature pistol flashlight with battery, heavy plastic jeep, a machine-gun that fires plastic bullets! Yes, it's a big box of toys, hours of enjoyment for just about any little boy you know.

(Advertisement, Toronto Telegram)

Quebec City, Dec. 3 (BUP).—The public bills committee today authorized the city of Shawinigan Falls to build a \$1,000,000 municipal toll bridge at the entrance of the St. Maurice valley municipality, north of Three Rivers. George C. Marler, opposition leader, asked why the bridge would be a toll bridge when the government could easily build it with the \$300,000,000 it had in yearly revenues. Premier Duplessis replied that when the people refused to re-elect National Union member Marc Trudel and elected an opposition candidate instead, they showed they wanted nothing from the administration of the province.

(Toronto Star)

What sort of trouble do Canadians get into in Kure, Japan? "Assault" frequently occurs when a soldier, having had enough beer with a tavern hostess, grabs her arm to push her away as she tries to detain him.

(Globe & Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to A. H. Braden, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Matt

Dorothy Livesay

► WHEN ELIZABETH first started going to kindergarten she would come home for lunch, stand beside her chair, and refuse to sit. Instead she began to scream. Her mother and the mother's help, Doris, fluttered around her, their words swooping and pecking. They could not quiet her.

"But what is the matter child? Tell us what is the matter?" She did not know. Perhaps gradually she quietened, was persuaded to sit down, and then began the process of stuffing forkful of potato into a mouth already swollen with salt of tears.

It was not as if she refused to go to kindergarten in the morning. She was a dutiful child, and whatever was pre-



FARM TEAM (Wood Engraving)—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

arranged by grown-ups she accepted as inevitable, just as God arranged the sunshine to soak through her blind in the morning. So brushed, and mouth wiped, wearing a clean striped pinafore, she made her way out into the autumn, carefully memorizing ahead of time the correct route to take through those flat prairie streets. Along the back fence, past a row of shabby brown shingled houses to "the block," a square red brick building where people lived in suites. Now she must look to the left and the right, dash across the street and walk down toward the Red River. Other children joined her; but to their careless "Hello's" she replied stiffly, a muffled "Lo." She did not know them very well. And she had to keep an eye out for the opposite side of the street, to make sure she was early and well ahead of Matt. He usually arrived at kindergarten just as they were standing up to sing the morning hymn. His mother would open the playroom door and with a quick push, send him reeling to his chair.

Fortunately, he was not at Elizabeth's table. And the early morning routine was something she yearned for eagerly, taking out the colored strips of paper, so glossy; the bright sky-blue ones and the deep red like blood, combining them together to make a pattern. Or else there would be raffia work to do, weaving real little baskets to take home to mother. Her hands were slow and awkward. She was never finished when the others were. But her hands caressed the square of paper, patted it, smoothed it down. "There," she said to herself, the way Doris said it when she put a cake in the oven.

Then the moment came. The teacher clapped her hands and the children ran to put everything away quickly, quickly, and push their chairs in, run to the centre of the room and form a circle. Elizabeth looked around for the little girl with the red dots on her dress, and grabbed her hand. Hot and sticky it was, but preferable to any boy's hand, especially Matt's. The piano started up, and they began moving and singing, "The Farmer's in the Dell." That was nice, and so was "Ring a Rosie." But next, with panic, she heard the piano sounding out the tune, "Go in and Out the Window." In that game the children would get all mixed up, she would have to grab anyone's hand, anyone who came along.

Quick now, she thought, and held her right arm up, using the left one to press the front of her dress so teacher would see. She wriggled from one foot to the other. Teacher looked up. "All right, Elizabeth, you can surely wait till the game is over." Her hands fell numb to her sides. She hadn't really needed to go at all. Now she did, now she couldn't wait!

But teacher did not look her way any more and she was swept again into the whirlwind of the game. She was pushed around, handed from child to child as the game grew faster. Ahead of her she could see Matt being pushed along too. The boys knocked him aside roughly with their elbows and the little girl with the red dots made a face when she got Matt for a partner. She soon shook him off and found another child to hang onto. So when the game was ended there was Elizabeth, just like yesterday, standing right beside Matt.

The chords of the piano banged out like a battle. As the children began to move around again in a circle, Matt seized her hand. She wanted to scream, to yank herself away, never again to feel that clammy hand gripping hers like a sponge. She did not dare to look at Matt, his leering face cocked on one shoulder, his open mouth drooling. She tried to look the other way, at the little girl ahead, tossing brown curls. But Matt yanked her this way and that, and suddenly

unable to stay another moment, she pulled away her hand as if stung, and ran for the door.

"Elizabeth!" But she did not heed. Teacher let her go. She ran into the dark hall and down to the end, to the bathroom.

Her trouble went on for days, weeks maybe. She could tell no one. How could you explain that you liked kindergarten, yes, but you were terrified of holding a little boy's hand? To grown-ups, she supposed, Matt was just a little boy like anyone else, but to her, merely the sight of that leering tilted face made her feel sick. Then she began to notice what Matt was like outside kindergarten, when he played in the street. He would come around the corner from his street and pass the "block" on the way to Elizabeth's house. If he saw that the big boys weren't home from school yet he would stand in the lane that ran between Elizabeth's house and the block. She could just see him as she waited on her back porch.

"Ya-a-aw" Matt would roar, tilting his heavy head backwards as he squinted up at one of the apartment windows. Sometimes a window would open, and a woman would stick her head out.

"Well, if it isn't Matt here again—waiting to fed. How are you to-day, kid?" Matt would bellow again, and the lady would break into a loud laugh and talk to someone in the apartment; then she would throw Matt a bun. The game was, he had to catch it in his teeth as it fell. If he caught it, he got another one. If he missed, he would grunt and fumble in the muddy lane for the runaway bun. "That's all for to-day, Matt," the lady would shout at him.

Elizabeth watched, fascinated, from the safety of her back porch. Then, with whoop and a roar, a loud ringing of bicycle bells, the older boys would swoop onto the corner opposite the firehall. There they began their strange boy games of marbles, or baseball, or tag.

Elizabeth saw Matt move along from the lane, along the sidewalk past her house, then out to the front corner. He could not seem to keep away from the boys, but as soon as they saw him they would decide to play tag. "Matt's It!" "Matt's It!" the boys would shout in high glee. Matt would lunge, only to run and trip as he tried to catch boy after boy. When he was down they would kick him in the pants; then pull him to his feet and start all over again. "Here I am, here I am, Matt! Catch me!" An imp would dash just out of Matt's reach, and Matt would begin to roar, his face crimson, his twisted, drooping mouth forming bubbles from rage.

"Matt, Matt, the great big sap," a boy cried. Others took it up. They slapped themselves with joy, or rolled over and over in a heap, hitting and scuffling between their laughter. Eventually they would tire of the game and run off to another corner, leave Matt alone to sit sulking and wrathful on the curbstone, licking his wounds.

Elizabeth could see him, just sitting and sitting there. But she was restless now, she wanted to go out onto the street and skip. Maybe he wouldn't pay any attention if she kept to the sidewalk. She ventured to the side fence and peered over. Matt wasn't looking at her; so out she went, pushing the empty garbage pail aside as she closed the gate. She began to skip up and down, up and down the wooden sidewalk. Matt was still sitting on the other side of the boulevard grass, right by the road. Now he looked at her stupidly. His eyelids were puffy, his eyes red and rolling in his head like marbles. She skipped right on, afraid of him, yet secure in the feeling of her skipping-rope. And when she felt so safe, even for a moment, another feeling welled in her—a feeling that *she* was sitting on the curb, alone and abandoned, a child who no one would play with.

But whenever she skipped too near him that tender feeling vanished; she saw only his stumpy red hands, clawing the air. She was mad at his being there, right in her way; mad as the other children were mad. Faster she skipped, whirling past him. The rhythm of her skipping seemed to take on the rhythm of those words she heard before:

"Matt, Matt, the great big sap!"

"Matt, Matt —" she started softly. Then each time as she passed him the words seemed to fall naturally out of her mouth, more loud, more daring.

"Matt, Matt, the great big sap, —"
Doesn't know how to turn a tap —"

"Gimme!"

She whirled around. Matt was beside her.

"Go away. Go away!" she shrieked. She shook her skipping-rope at him.

"Gimme." The red stubby paw reached out, grabbed the rope.

"That's my rope. You can't have it. Go away. This is my sidewalk!"

"G-r-aw" Matt was beginning to mutter. He still held the rope, tugging and tugging. Elizabeth pulled the other way, screaming at him to go. Then the rope snapped. A handle came off in Matt's hand and he reeled backward, to the ground. She stood over him, waving her rope.

"Now see what you've done! Broken my good new skipping-rope . . . Matt, Matt, the great big sap—that's what you are, a great big sap!"

With a roar he was up, he caught her arm. She let go the skipping-rope and ran as fast as the great wall of air pushing against her chest, as fast as it would let her go. Her legs seemed weak; waving in mid-air, but never moving; just peddling away in mid-air.

Somehow she reached the side gate, opened it. Matt was panting beside her. He picked up the garbage can lid and lifted it high, right above her. She yelled, and just as she got the gate open he banged the lid down, WHAM, on top of her head.

"Aw-a-ow!" she screamed, breaking away from him and stumbling toward the kitchen steps. The door opened. Doris came out and picked her up.

Matt still stood at the gate, the garbage can lid dangling uncertain, a shield against his side.

"Get out! Get out, you wicked boy!" cried Doris. Then she took Elizabeth inside and reported the story to mother.

After that, Elizabeth didn't mind going to kindergarten. Matt wasn't there any more. He was locked up in his own yard, behind a fence. She never had to hold his hand again.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► MEMO TO R. BING, General Manager of The Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Really, Rudolf, that performance you gave us of Don Giovanni a few Saturdays ago was a stinker. Sour, wiry, unmusical and dispirited.

It seems, somehow, to have escaped your notice that things have changed a great deal since the mythical Golden Days of Opera. We have radios, now, almost all of us; we can get about with relative ease; most important of all, perhaps, we have records. The carefully fostered prestige of the Great American Opera House is sinking, because we, people everywhere, can now hear, and frequently do, the very best

performances of all the world's great music. So it's a little harder to get us to accept, adoringly, second-rate performances merely because they come from the Metropolitan. We're even beginning, in some strange way, to weigh, to appreciate the more or less absolute values; to recognize quality when we hear it; to realize that many hitherto unknowns, put on tape and vinyl by some obscure little company, are actually making better music, at times, than the much touted artists of your enormous and expensive organization. Also we have memories of Lemnitz and Berger and a dozen others in their best days, of Beecham and Busch and Toscanini. And we never did take too seriously the message which your press agents have been so assiduously drumming out the past few years: that American Artists are naturally as good as the world's best, and maybe just a little better because they are American.

Do take account of these things, Mr. Bing, and put your best efforts, and your best people, into the Saturday Matinees, realizing that here, thanks to those microphones around your proscenium arch, you are up against world-wide competition. And if, through force of circumstances or stress of economies, you are forced to let down once in a while, pray do not do it with a Mozart opera. Against so perfect and transparent a fabric the flaws show up too sharply, bringing home to us the realization that when you attempt one of these deceptively simple masterpieces your best efforts are none too good.

* * *

Before we leave music we should certainly note two interesting moves in this field made recently by the CBC. The first and less important, the establishment of a so-called CBC Symphony Orchestra at Toronto, is definitely a move in the right direction, but there is room for wonder as to whether this is really a symphony orchestra in the full and best sense of the phrase. The questions one asks are (1) Will the personnel of this orchestra be constant? (2) Will it have adequate rehearsals together? (3) Will it be given adequate network time, so that it may grow into a really fine ensemble?

The answer to at least the last two of these questions seems to be no, since the only listing I can find for the new organization is forty-five minutes once a week on Trans-Canada. Such an orchestra, if the Corporation is really serious about it, and if its fullest capabilities are to be realized, should be given at least an hour a week on all three networks—Trans-Canada, Dominion, and French, and should do about half its playing under its permanent head—presumably Mr. Waddington.

Which brings us to the more important of the CBC's two steps in music: the appointment of Geoffrey Waddington as its Director of Music. This appointment seems to be an excellent one for two reasons: the first that Mr. Waddington, both by temperament and training, is extremely well qualified for the post; the second that the Corporation has badly needed someone to pull together and co-ordinate its musical activities, which have been at loose ends since the resignation of Jean Beaudet several years ago.

Now if Mr. Bushnell, before he leaves the post of Director-General of Programs for the higher one of Assistant General Manager, could only be persuaded to return Mr. Andrew Allan to the empty position of Supervisor of Drama, and if Mr. Allan could be persuaded to give a little less of his attention to his own productions, and a good deal more to radio drama all over the country, we should perhaps see a a country-wide improvement in our standards of writing, acting, and producing.

One of the things at which Mr. Waddington might take a long, close look is the situation (very bad indeed in Toronto

and presumably on the same level in other centres) whereby a few working musicians are allowed to make fat, bloated livings off the CBC, while other musicians, almost as competent and just as deserving, are literally frozen out. The Corporation points with pride to itself as the chief support of the working musician in this country; I suggest that until it takes firm steps to ensure that some of its work (and its fees) goes to all, instead of all of its work to some, it is shirking its responsibility and working a very real hardship on many deserving people.

* * *

During the past several years we have heard a *fair* number of voices uplifted in pleas for more and better daytime programs. Specifically, for better fare for the women listeners who presumably form the bulk of its daytime audience. During those same years we have heard an *enormous* number of voices united in one anguished cry: "Down with the Soap Operas! Why don't you get rid of them?" This has been the essence of the loudest, most multi-voiced, most extensive complaint ever made by listeners about Canadian radio.

So, eventually, the CBC took action. Early in the fall it launched, with *much* fanfare, the supposed answer to these complaints, the Woman's Program to satisfy every woman and to raise the standard of daytime programming to rare and dizzy heights—The Trans-Canada Matinee. The opening ceremonies included one of Mr. Dunton's customarily cautious and unrevealing speeches, and several addresses by the heads of women's organizations, each of whom had a few good words for the new program and a good many words for the great works and importance of her own organization.

I have no fault to find with Trans-Canada Matinee as a program for women. It seems to be carefully planned and to

be filled with things which are of interest and use to women, and these things are presented, in most cases, with skill and authority. Females of my acquaintance listen regularly with every appearance of interest, and the only severe criticism I have heard came from a fellow-journalist—male. "Is their attention-span so short, then?" he asked. "Does it have to be so choppy—eight minutes of this and ten minutes of that?"

For my own part, though, looking at Trans-Canada Matinee, at what it does and what it has not done, it hardly seems good enough. For one thing, it adds, out of the whole dreary waste of the afternoon, only thirty minutes of planned, unified programming for women. Before its launching there had always been at least fifteen minutes devoted to women's interests, so that Trans-Canada Matinee means a net gain of only thirty minutes.

For another thing, and this the most important, Trans-Canada Matinee is still preceded by one soap opera and followed by four—*FOUR!* others in an unbroken series. And in the morning four others are on tap, to say nothing of the unspeakable Breakfast Club, which has been universally condemned. These are things, gentlemen, these meals of pap when we ask for meat, these callous floutings of our repeated demands, which make us feel that you're not doing your proper job, that you're putting the advertisers first and the listening public second.

And what thanks do you get for this misplaced consideration? The answer to that is not hard to find—look how the sponsors, deliberately and with malice aforethought, are boycotting your Television Service. I suggest that it's time you woke up to one elementary fact—that the CBC can get along without the advertisers much better than the advertisers can get along without the CBC's radio networks.



WOOD ENGRAVING

W. J. PHILLIPS, R.C.A.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► ONE OF THE FINEST and most moving films of the current year is Paul Rotha's *No Resting Place*, made in Ireland with a cast of comparative unknowns from the Abbey and Gate theatres; a film so far off the beaten track in every way, serious and realistic where most Irish movies are romantic, profound where they are superficial, that you get the same sort of shock, watching it, as you would if you suddenly realized that Ruritania was a real place after all. In a way it is no surprise to find Rotha, one of the world's most notable documentary film people, producing an authentic Irish story, or to find a real and conscious pleasure in watching the screen, so fine and exact, so alive and sensitive, is his photography. It is also in the documentary tradition that his picture of the wandering tinkers in general, and of Alec Kyle and his family in particular, should be full of intimate and specific detail, like a Dutch painting. What is unusual about *No Resting Place*, what lifts it triumphantly above and beyond documentary movies, is that the intimacy Rotha achieves goes further and deeper than mere authenticity. You see the Kyles' pleasure in working, when they can get work; their intense affection for one another; their intelligence and fierce pride, and their savage resentment of what seems to them wanton persecution. Occasionally moreover, Rotha seems to be trembling on the edge of poetry—you see the Kyles asleep in a deserted barn; beyond the poverty and the beauty and the utter exhaustion, which are quite clearly articulated on the screen, you feel there is also a mute essay on Sleep being conveyed to your mind. It is like Hogarth without the sharp bitterness. As far as the story is concerned, its tragic end is implicit in its beginning; but the Kyles are not a tragic nor even a very unhappy family; they are simply very real, very human, and quite surprisingly beautiful. So is the Irish setting; you can feel Rotha's affection for it and for the Irish people in practically every scene. It is not the sentimental, patronising, silly affection that tampers with human dignity, however, and disfigures so much of what has been written about Ireland. It is the combination of the documentary mind with creative imagination that is so surprising and warming, and that makes *No Resting Place* a remarkably persuasive film.

Not that a great deal of amusement can't be had in the cloud-cuckooland of the real Ruritania, by which I mean of course the imaginary one. MGM has just resurrected The Prisoner of Zenda, and given it the most splendidous trappings it's ever had; though Stewart Grainger isn't the Prince that Ronald Colman was, and Deborah Kerr is a good deal more of a spun-sugar figure than I remember Madeleine Carroll being. This time the director, Richard Thorpe, has treated the romance rather tongue-in-cheekily, inviting not so much complete absorption in the story as a slightly more sophisticated pleasure in seeing an old romance very gently kidded; and the production department has taken a very serious attitude toward the problems of color. The lovely and innocent Princess Flavia wears frosty diamonds, snow-white satin, and demure pastels. There are passionate purple amethysts and sumptuous red velvet for Antoinette, the fiery courtesan, resplendent uniforms for Rudolf in both his incarnations, and a kind of non-committal West Point gray for the charming villain, Rupert of Hentzau, played by James Mason. One short scene was particularly effective; a conference between Michael and Rupert, the two villains, sitting on either side of a sombre brown fireplace in two enormous wing-chairs; the chairs upholstered in bilious green, and nothing visible of the two plotters but polished leather boots, and long thin fingers on the arms of the chairs.

This was a very nice bit of design and color, worth any amount of sword-play and swashbuckling. It is gradually becoming obvious that color, properly used, can be as eloquent as music, and as exciting as action. Until quite recently, Technicolor has been used so crudely that it's been more of a liability than an asset to film drama, and not always much of a help even to travelogues or musicals. The English picture, *The Magic Box*, and now one or two productions from MGM, have made a good start towards the rudiments of an intelligent and affecting use of color.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► LAST YEAR'S CONCERT by the Canadian League of Composers was broadcast on CBC Wednesday Night and was therefore available across the country. This year's Chamber Orchestra Concert by the League (at Eaton Auditorium in Toronto) was not, but as it represented a wide selection of Canadian music, including works from Quebec, British Columbia, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, as well as Ontario, I think it calls for discussion here. The program consisted of *Suite for Strings* by Lorne Betts, *Music on a Quiet Song, for Flute and Strings* by Jean Coulthard, *Serenade No. 1, for Clarinet and Strings* by Andrew Twa, and *Serenade for Strings* by Samuel Dolin; followed, after intermission by *Divertimento No. 2, for Oboe and String Orchestra* by John Weinzwieg, *Six Improvisations on a Liturgical Theme, for Strings* by Robert Fleming, and *Suite for Harp and Chamber Orchestra* by Harry Somers.

The Weinzwieg work, which has been performed fairly frequently since its completion in 1948, is drily lyrical, full of the composer's characteristic melodic inventiveness and ability to keep a movement going. I have a personal preference for its companion piece, the *Divertimento No. 1, for Flute and String Orchestra*, which was not played at the concert, but both have the freshness that it is not always easy to keep in the atonal style, as some of the other works on the program show.

The atonal style, both in its looser and more rigid forms, has long been as teachable as older systems of academic harmony and structure. After all, Mr. Weinzwieg and his school (he will, I hope excuse the term, which I use for want of a better) are related to the Schonberg tradition in about the same way as Spohr, Mendelssohn and Saint-Saens to the great Viennese symphonic tradition. They are stabilizers, workers in a familiar mode, even if that mode is a good deal less widely accepted than the earlier one was. They are not leading the van but consolidating the rear. The danger is that, exhilarated by a false sense of originality and by the opposition of the average Canadian music-lover, they may write works which are duller and staler than they imagine. This is certainly not true of John Weinzwieg; it may be partly true of Messrs. Betts, Twa and Dolin. Only partly true, however. John Betts' suite had a good deal of verve and charm; Samuel Dolin's suite was more satisfying than the scherzo he gave us last year; and, although I was disappointed in Andy Twa's serenade, it was certainly an enterprising piece, and I remember the high opinion of his talents which a hearing of his *Prairie Suite* gave me a few years ago.

Another shortcoming in these works is their narrow range. Although their idiom may once have seemed to open up a variety of new worlds of expression, in practice it often limits the artists' range both of technique and expression. They find themselves, like Auden's exiles, "saying Alas to less and less." The mood oscillates back and forth between a marionette-like gaiety and a thwarted sentimentality;

and each theme is treated like a hot potato which the composer handles with asbestos gloves to avoid being burned. I am conscious of all the things that they seem unable to say more than the things they do say. The final product is the result of a process of elimination. It suppresses far more than it comprehends, as if to avoid sounding like Healey Willan were itself a virtue. I might add, however, that whatever monotony there is in the works of Betts, Twa and Dolin, it is far less than in the amorphous, rhapsodic, loosely expansive style of Jean Coulthard's *Music on a Quiet Song*, whose variations never manage to live up to their very beautiful theme.

The last two works on the program were Robert Fleming's attractive and unpretentious *Variations on a Liturgical Theme* and Harry Somers' delightful *Suite for Harp and Chamber Orchestra*, with Marie Iosch expending her energy to good effect in the difficult harp part. Harry Somers like some of the others, studied under John Weinzwieg, but he has inherited not the tricks of the trade but his teacher's positive, wide-ranging attitude to his art and his ability to use whatever idiom he works in less as a protection against saying what he does not want to say than as a means of saying as much as he can. I enjoyed the work from beginning to end.

Poems About War

I

Who could believe it looking out
Into the road of candied ice
Where children stripe the driven snow
With red and blue and pure delight
And sleighs criss-cross their skill with skis
And the air is firm and whole?

And still we know it looking in
Through the dissembling veil of time
Upon that lonely barren ledge
Where the world holds us small,
Oh nests us narrow!

There we hear
The human eagles sharpening
Their nervous appetites for blood;
Such eagles do not feed on grain
And those who died must die again.

And we who live not looking in,
Not looking out, but straight ahead,
Who aim to build and plan to love
We gaze at blind brick walls and crows
As they impose their grim decor
Like wineblack dahlias nurtured where
Such flowers never grew before.

Perhaps we common average types
Pretend to sleep but weigh events
Against the legend's golden voice,
Which woke us once and may again
To our unenlightened limbs
Bring the magical release
Of final definite decision.
Maybe then our eyes will send
Bouquets of birds with yellow wings
Warbling through the sooty air
Into the clear and watery heights.

II

The poor drowned moth and the broken children,
Their eyes dispersed through all the foreign skies
Their little limbs made lonely.
In their minds politics must have been
Blown up like photographs,
Larger than life and drained of pretty colors.
They must have made
Such mixed up stories from these happenings
Which changed school principal and soldier
To evil sorcerers and made mothers
Into stepmothers, remote and strict.

And in the silence that fell before the bomb
Perhaps they heard fish stirring
In the stillness of the round glass bowl,
Maybe the golden swish
Of their small tails bubbled through the crash;
They died hungry or they lay
Hours in darkness, were afraid of wolves.

Now when sunlight skates my windy street
And pauses luminous I feel the static north
Shed its crystals, between the hours fall
Isolate moments and how am I to know
That these are not my children
Scrambled and atomless, sent
To make my grief specific?

Miriam Waddington.

Notes on Ancestors

I: Stanza for Certain Politicians

The Tube-worm coils a devious shell
under a tidewashed boulder,
Sucks air with a feathery flower of gills
Gay as a travel-folder.
But let the tide ebb out, he'll pop
Within his calcium hide
Because for all his bloody talk
He's just a worm inside.

II: Verses Expressing Confidence in the Future of Canadian Literature

Eightfoot wide the armoured hide
Triceratops had grown
And *Pachycephalosaurus* built
A solid brain of bone.
The all-time prize for killing size
Tyrannosaurus won
While *Brontosaurus* spent his time
Feeding his forty ton.
Camptosaurus was a runt
Who nibbled weeds and ran,
But *Camptosaurus* stuck around
And helped produce a man.

III: Thought for the Atomic Age

Explorers say that harebells rise
From the cracks of Ellesmereland
And cod swim fat beneath the ice
That grinds that howling land.
No man is settled on its coast;
The harebells are alone.
Nor is there talk of making man
From ice, cod, bell or stone.

Earle Birney

Turning New Leaves

► MR. CREIGHTON'S EXPERT narrative* of Macdonald's political career until 1867 is, in the most important ways, thoroughly satisfying. The political character of the man emerges from the packed record of accumulated fact—and how clearly it emerges as in essence the Canadian political character. For, whatever the future may bring, our great constructive statesmen so far have been, like Macdonald, managers and not prophets. Sir John, totally uninterested in political principles, full of zest for the game of parliamentary combinations, was an opportunist above everything. The term Liberal Conservative was well chosen. He was a conservative in his determination to preserve the unity of the Canadas against their own centrifugal forces, and their British character against the constant nagging threat from the south; his liberalism lay in his open-mindedness toward any proposals from any side that might prevent the structure from collapsing. In 1849, the suggestion of federal union of the British provinces struck him as irrelevant to the politics of the moment; he brushed it off-handedly aside and as far as can be seen gave it no thought for nine years. In 1858, he was apparently converted almost overnight, and for the next nine years, eventually in alliance with his leading antagonist, George Brown, he tenaciously pushed and worried the provinces into Confederation.

Less attractive to most of us, perhaps, this slightly cynical trimming, than the forthright consistency of George Brown. But Brown's consistency amounted after all to a shrill bigotry, and it was Macdonald who made Canada. Mr. Creighton, anyway, is not guilty of overestimating Brown at Macdonald's expense; quite the contrary. His belief in Macdonald and his loathing for Brown certainly surpass in intensity Macdonald's own feelings. At times he seems to forget altogether that he is writing a century after the event, and to argue as if he hoped to influence the outcome of his hero's next election campaign. The Double Shuffle, that light-hearted device in which Governor Head, having a few days before stood on the letter of the constitution to refuse Brown a dissolution that might have saved his government, connived with Macdonald to defeat the spirit of the constitution in order to save his government, is called by Mr. Creighton "a little unfortunate"; to call it "an outrageous swindle," he says, was a "melodramatic invention" on the part of the Grits. After this incident, Brown suggested that with Head and Macdonald at large the argument for an unwritten constitution in Canada was greatly weakened; Mr. Creighton finds this "a most revealing sign of the state of moral collapse to which his party had been brought." Brown's party, he means, not Macdonald's.

This blind spot on the subject of Brown has a serious consequence; this reviewer, at least, cannot feel that Mr. Creighton has given a satisfactory account of Brown's part in the coalition government. He puts a brave face on it, much like a Communist swallowing the Soviet-German treaty of 1939; but his relief when Brown leaves the cabinet is plainly visible. We unlearned ones have always been puzzled by the episode, and it is disappointing to receive so little new light from historical authority. Perhaps we shall have to wait for Brown's biographer.

Mr. Creighton's lack of detachment is, however, the only serious flaw in an impressive and illuminating political narrative. It is in the field more special to the biographer that he is really disappointing, and for the opposite fault. He has not, one feels, involved his sympathies enough in Mac-

donald's personal life or even in his private personality. At least, that seems the readiest explanation for the plodding, stilted, Victorian-epistolary style in which much of the book, particularly the early chapters, is written. Not until Macdonald's political career is in full swing does Mr. Creighton's own excellent style reassert itself and the book ceases to be laborious reading. And by then the opportunity to make the hero a living being has somehow been missed. We are told from time to time of his high-spirited gaiety, but we are not shown it. Under the date of 1857 it is noted that some years earlier Macdonald and John Rose had done a tour of American villages, the latter imitating a dancing bear while the former accompanied him on a "rude instrument." But in the chapters that deal with the public work and private sorrow of this earlier period it is hard to imagine so undignified an incident. The only other unbuttoned episode is much later, in the charmingly told trip of the Fathers of Confederation to Epsom Downs. But the star of that turn is Brown, carried away by the excitement of a pea-shooter; Macdonald, who gave him the peas, is little more than the straight man.

Nevertheless, anecdotes apart, all the materials are here—and nowhere else—for an understanding of Macdonald as man or as statesman. If Mr. Creighton's interpretation does not satisfy us, he has provided us with the means of making our own. And when we have done so, he may well confound us with an even more compelling treatment of his subject in the second volume. That volume will complete a splendid achievement.

SIMON PAYNTER.

Books Reviewed

TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA: K. Zilliacus; Michael Joseph; pp. 303; \$5.50.

The real problem of the importance of Tito is inherent in the whole of this book, but explicit in the last third, the discussion of Tito's rise to power and his use of it. The problem is whether this is a heresy of little significance because of the small impoverished country in which it is deployed or whether the comparisons should not rather be with Turkey or Burma and those other countries of Asia and Africa that are emerging into the modern world, that are refusing to accept the straight pattern of communist or capitalist organization of their political and economic life.

This, Zilliacus maintains, is a communism striving to build itself in the humane traditions of European radicalism, a régime confident enough to allow criticism and willing to accept visitors, one that is liberalizing itself on the basis that—and here Tito and Lord Balfour approach—"democracy can exist only in a community where everyone is agreed on fundamentals." In so far as this is true, Titoism is more than a heresy; it may have a comparable significance on the communist side of the fence to the liberalization on the capitalist side of the Kemalist régime in Turkey.

The value of the book in assessing this lies in Zilliacus' personal sympathy with present Yugoslavia and its leaders. He claims a knowledge of Tito "better than anyone else in the West except Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean," whose *Eastern Approaches* he justifiably warmly acknowledges. In that recognition of a Tory M.P. and ex-diplomat lies the strangeness of Zilliacus' position in the English political scene. For him the real villain of the book is not Stalin, but Churchill. At his door he lays the blame for Soviet intransigence, their building of the police state between the wars, and its enforcement upon the satellites now. Despite the detail he gives of Stalinist hostility to Tito in propaganda misrepre-

*JOHN. A. MACDONALD: THE YOUNG POLITICIAN: Donald Creighton; Macmillan; pp. 340; \$5.75.

sensation, it hardly seems to occur to him that the fault lies in Stalin and in the nature of the Russian Communist Party, that the defence against the West is only an excuse for the police state—he cannot so easily abandon the assumptions of his earlier *I Choose Peace*.

This book remains important and valuable as a source of information on present-day Yugoslavia, of the stories of the formation of the Yugoslav Communist Party and Tito's activities therein, and of Partisan reports on their struggle. When it goes beyond, the Zilliacus presentation of history needs checking. If it is essential that the first chapter of a biography should paint the world scene at the time of the birth of the hero it is no less essential that it should be accurate—to mention but two points: the Franco-Russian alliance had not been signed in 1892, while the use of the pluperfect in that year for the partition of Africa recalls Mark Twain's comment on the report of his death.

George Bennett.

THE DEVILS OF LOUDON: Aldous Huxley; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 376; \$4.25.

This book is a *tour de force*. I am led to understand that it is causing much concern among those librarians devoted to the mysteries of classification. Historically, it is the account of the petty intrigues in seventeenth century provincial Loudon which led to the imprisonment and execution of the sophisticated Father Grandier for having caused the inhabitants of the local convent to be possessed of devils. Soaring beyond the copious material at his disposal, Mr. Huxley plumps out his characterization and action until the work assumes the proportions of a first-rate historical thriller. Finally, the lively march of events is frequently held at restless bay while the Perennial Philosopher speaks ex

cathedra from the heart of his lately nurtured lotus blossom. The juxtaposition of the Third Patriarch of Zen and seventeenth century witch-hunters smacks a little too much of the graduate scholar who insists on applying the criteria of his latest critical crush to all known works of art and the morals of his every acquaintance. The violent lights and shadows which result from the strange matings in this book create a baroque effect, indeed, almost the rococo air of the better shockers produced by the Bright Young Things.

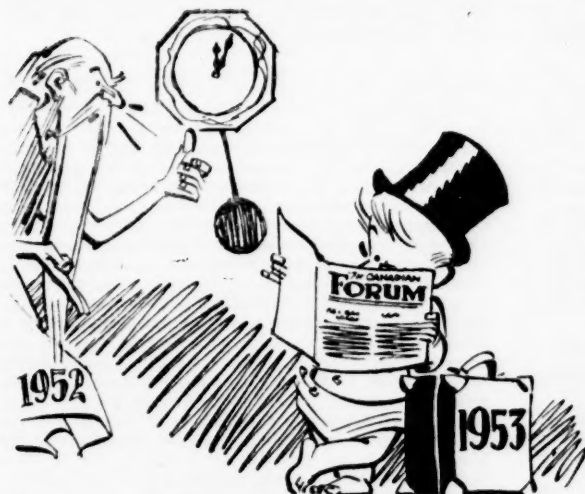
Mr. Huxley's continuing ironic spirit does not desert him here. It is trained, with all the old attendant scintillation, upon the particular folly under examination, and is intended to hurtle the reader, the scales dropping from his eyes, into the positive joys of negation outlined in the gratuitous philosophical interpolation. The tragedy of Grandier fits into the Huxley canon because it stems from a varied body of folly, all of which is suitable matter for ridicule, sharp denunciation and a catharsis effected through the perceptive, hygienic theories of the psychosomatic practitioner. Not only do we observe the tragic folly of those in high estate, but we are enlightened completely concerning its very cause. The Greeks could not do more. Mr. Huxley, however, in his coat of many mystics, beckons us beyond in his ever-enchanting prose, to the realms beyond the church and state, beyond the strained kingdom of being and not-being, to that ultimate state, difficult of comprehension, which Mr. Huxley epitomizes for those faithful readers of Mr. Huxley too busy to discover it for themselves.

G. W.

THE WRITER AND THE ABSOLUTE: P. Wyndham Lewis; British Book Service (Methuen); pp. 202; \$4.25.

When the fog of literary politics of the contemporary period has cleared away into history, Wyndham Lewis will

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stand as one of the major figures of the twentieth century. *The Writer and the Absolute* is in the usual Lewis critical vein—sharp, penetrating, prophetic and idol-smashing. Mr. Lewis calling himself a pluralist attacks all absolutist positions that would tend to regiment art to political ends—Communism, Catholicism, traditional Western interests and Eastern-tinged nihilism. In developing his point Lewis concentrates attention on Sartre and Orwell, but simultaneously presents a general analysis of trends in writing since the completion of the Second World War. Sartre is accompanied for examination purposes by Camus and Malraux representing the various degrees and stages of indoctrination with which politics have affected art. Existentialism comes in not only for treatment as a philosophical but a cultural phenomena closely related to essentially nihilistic politics. The problem that drives the potentially talented artist such as Sartre to political prostitution according to Lewis is the search for an audience—the economic problem of patronage and the aesthetic problem of communication. Orwell is a case in point from the fellow-travellers camp whose only objective work was accomplished after the fire baptism of the Spanish civil war.

The artist or creative writer from Lewis' point of view must be free to depict the world as it appears to him without reference to anybody else. The pluralist writer—prepared to present the multiverses with which he is actually confronted—claims the world is as he sees it; the absolutist asserts that the world is of such and such a nature and expects the writer to adapt his presentation accordingly. Mr. Lewis refutes the statement that such freedom can only be obtained in the "state of nature"; the truth of following one's own intellect is an essential prerequisite to creativity. As Lewis puts it in summary:

"This book is not about liberty to indulge in aggressive action as a writer, but the liberty to use, in the literary art, factual and speculative truth. This investigation takes no account of the moral advantages of what is true: that is not necessary. It is, in fact—such has been my contention—equally imperative though with other objectives to be granted access to what is, for the artist as for the moralist, and the former's need is more comprehensive."

In addition to the development of the central argument, Lewis presents some excellent analyses of specific texts, an invaluable account of Orwell's development as an artist and historical insight into the literary world of the first half of the twentieth century. As with most of his critical work, the volume is sound, but in a partisan world the intellectual dislikes being told what is. Mr. Lewis is the master of the *Is* and the *Will be*—an objective analyst and an uncanny prophet—as his past record has shown. For this reason he has been neglected and cast aside, but the intelligent reader can be assured of a book stimulating on every page that will aid his own insight even if he is not in accord with Mr. Lewis' general thesis. The dullard and the fool—traditional targets of the satirical analysts—will neither read nor understand this account, but the author is not seeking the support and the interest of the literary or political coteries.

D. F. Theall.

A SENSE OF URGENCY: C. L. Burton; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 352, \$4.50.

This is partly autobiography and partly a view of Canada's rapid economic development during the past sixty years as seen through the keen eyes of a successful businessman.

How was it done? How did the fourteen-year-old, two-dollars-a-week clerk rise to become President, and later Chairman of the Board, of Simpson's Ltd.? He was bright, he worked hard, he knew where he was going. Mr. Burton

adopted as his motto: "Put all your eggs in one basket, and watch that basket." With these clues the ambitious young man may feel that he has the secret of success. Fortunately, besides an eloquence which he successfully conveys in writing, Mr. Burton has an analytical mind and frankness that is refreshing.

In the rapid development of the Canadian economy, Mr. Burton managed to be in the right place at the right time, and to know the right people. While engaged in a profitable wholesale business, he decided that the future was in the retail trade and took the plunge. He might have gone out on his own and become the Canadian Woolworth, but, with the help of Mrs. Burton, he decided to stick with his fairy godfather and took a position at Simpson's. It is important to have a fairy godfather. In Mr. Burton's case his name was Mr. Fudger. (A generation later the fairy godfather was Mr. Oakes; wealth from mines and the stock market could be used to buy up daily newspapers. Today his name is Mr. Thomson and money earned from radio and newspaper advertising can be invested in a baseball club and in national magazines. Without reading Harold A. Innis, today's tycoons have discovered by instinct and experience that control of the media of mass communication brings wealth and power.)

In addition to his sense of urgency in getting things done, Mr. Burton was tough. He had no qualms about shouldering aside rivals, or firing people on the spot. His concern for the less efficient member of society he was thus able to reserve for his work with the Big Brother Movement and the YMCA. He also worked energetically for the Board of Trade and the Ontario Motor League. Besides satisfying his conscience, these activities brought him in close touch with the business and financial leaders of Toronto. Friendships developed in these public-spirited activities bore fruit of a practical sort, as, for example, when additional capital had to be raised.

Like the good merchant that he is, Mr. Burton has made sure that his book was attractively wrapped, and that there were plenty of advertisements to bring it to the attention of the public. This highly readable volume of reminiscences will unquestionably be a best-seller. How could it be otherwise, when the author has the secret of Success?

Albert A. Shea.

TO THE HAPPY FEW: SELECTED LETTERS OF STENDHAL: trans. by Norman Cameron; Longmans, Green (Lehmann); pp. 384; \$4.25.

This selection could be criticized, for various reasons: Stendahl as a literary critic is not given much importance; there are too many impassioned epistles to one woman after another, each of whom is his greatest and only love; valuable space need not have been devoted to letters giving the exact specifications of his gravel stones, or proposing a cure for dysentery. A more serious criticism, of a different order, is the omission of an *Index*. Nevertheless, the volume manages to reduce to accessible proportions, without over-distortion, the prolific correspondence of Stendahl, and it does give us a lively portrait of the man himself. Stendahl was a deeply unsatisfied man because he was a bundle of irreconcilable tendencies. It is not enough to say that he admired the rationalism and the irony of the eighteenth century—Montesquieu and Fénelon in particular—and that he despised the lyrical effusiveness of the romantics, chief among them Chateaubriand; his letters reveal a person who by temperament was seldom a cold realist and often an ardent romantic. But Stendahl, the sensitive soul encased in an unattractive exterior, the man who would like to have been Byron's Don Juan or his own Julien Sorel, took refuge behind a façade of cynicism and bravado. In compensation for his

excruciating timidity and his wounded pride, he spoke flipantly of the society of Civita Vecchia, where he went as French Consul in 1831; or commented sardonically on the July Monarchy; or expressed a lofty contempt for the diplomatic corps—only to repent tardily for his imprudence. He hated the world because it would not love him; with less intelligence and a little less vanity he would have resigned himself more easily. It is not surprising that he understood Rousseau and appreciated Madame de Staël.

Boudot-Lamotte's excessively laudatory introduction clearly embarrassed the translator, and the result is a stilted piece of prose, but the translation of the letters themselves, apart from a few minor blemishes, is a good one.

J. S. Wood.

TRADE UNIONS: Allan Flanders; Ryerson Press; 172 pp.; \$2.50.

A more accurate title for this book would have been *British Trade Unions*, for that is what it deals with. It is not a general account of what unions are and how they work, but a factual account of the present-day British labor movement. It is one of the Hutchison's University Library series, edited by Prof. G. D. H. Cole.

Mr. Flanders has written a very brief but plain and straight-forward account of British unions. Considering the size of the subject, he has done a creditable job. There are chapters on structure, the "government" of unions and of the Trades Union Congress, collective bargaining, political action and so on.

It is a handy reference work for the Canadian trade unionist or general reader who may want to compare British and Canadian trade union practices and labor legislation. Having been written presumably for a British audience, however, it suffers (for the Canadian reader) from taking certain things for granted. But this is not a serious objection.

The book includes a reading list and an index.

A. Andras

POLITICS IS FUNNY: W. E. Elliott; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 170; \$2.50.

Canada has not produced many public figures who, like Sir John A., have been possessed of sufficient wit and flair to leave a heritage of personal anecdote. Mr. Elliott, an experienced reporter in the Ontario political field, has ransacked notebooks covering almost fifty years for such material; as a shorthand man, he has a great deal of verbatim copy to draw on. Many of those dealt with in these reminiscences and appraisals do not lack color or character.—Howard Ferguson, Mitch Hepburn, Whitney, Guthrie, George P. Graham, a score of others—but the author presents them with a dry reportorial style that seems to drain the color away. The sequence of the sketches is haphazard: the stories and comment lose significance and impact because there is no broad background of the period itself, except through inference and casual reference. No attempt has been made to link them in a way that might sustain the interest of readers whose own background does not parallel that of the author.

Two things impress one in reading this book—the change from a blind unquestioning partisanship on the part of the average voter, and the gradual disappearance of strongly defined personalities from the political life of this country.

D.C.

A MASQUE OF AESOP: Robertson Davies; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 47; \$2.00.

We watch with interest for the publication of each succeeding book or play by Robertson Davies. His seventh volume is a light, slight and charming comedy written to be performed by the boys of Upper Canada College. Such items as this

are exceeding rare in this country, and "Aesop" should be a very great blessing to high school drama directors who are tired of cutting down adult fare to fit adolescents, or sticking to Barrie to be safe. They will not be entirely safe with *A Masque of Aesop*, for though the chief character may wear the cloak of Aesop, he speaks with the voice of Marchbanks, whose prose, incidentally, is much wittier than his doggerel in the present instance.

This masque could be very stylishly yet simply produced. There are excellent hints in Grant Macdonald's distinguished decorations.

H.T.K.

POETRY COMMONWEALTH (Spring 1951); Canadian Number, edited by Earle Birney.

This final number of Poetry Commonwealth (dated Spring 1951 but not published until the beginning of last year) was edited by Earle Birney and contains single, previously unpublished poems by fourteen living Canadian poets, ranging from older, established ones like Pratt, F. R. Scott and Louis Mackay to recent additions like Mario Prizek and Colleen Thibeaudeau. Although an atmosphere of stale and diluted mannerism hangs over a good deal of these poems, reading them has its rewards, such as Birney's pleasant tour-de-force "Takkakaw Falls," Dudek's "Puerto Rican Side Street," (despite its ending) and perhaps Patrick Waddington's self-consciously witty "In the Wheatfield." Copies are still available (perhaps) from Mr. Lionel Monteith, 31 Dulwich Village, London S.E. 21, England. M.W.

PLAYER PIANO: by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 295; \$3.75.

The sub-title which appears on the jacket but not on the book itself is much more revealing than the actual title. *Player Piano* is not, as one might suppose, the story of a

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honky-tonk, but of "America in the Coming Age of Electronics."

Ten years after the Second Industrial Revolution almost everything in Ilium, New York, and everywhere else in the civilized world, for that matter, is done by vacuum tubes and machines, with a very little help from such men as Doctor Paul Proteus, the manager of the Ilium Works. You could almost take it from there yourself—the System, the standard and horrible characters who conform, the quaint but lovable ones who do not, the Leader, the Revolution . . .

Which is not to suggest that this is not an interesting book, or a badly written one. It is interesting, especially to people who like this kind of fantasy, as I do, and it is passably written. Maybe the only thing I have against it is that it is neither as well written nor as interesting as George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. That, and the fact that it is almost completely humorless and incredibly more shallow. A.S.

Books Received

(Mention in this column does not preclude review in a future issue.)

- TWENTY-FOUR POEMS: Louis Dudek; Contact Press; pp. 24.
 RACE AND HISTORY: Claude Levi-Strauss; Univ. of Toronto Press; pp. 50; .25.
 THE SKIN: Curzio Malaparte; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 379; \$3.50.
 TRADE UNIONS: Allan Flanders; Ryerson; pp. 172; \$2.50.
 JOHN BAIRD: THE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF THE PIONEER OF TELEVISION: Sydney Moseley; Ryerson; pp. 256; \$4.00.

- SEVEN PILLARS OF FREEDOM: Watson Kirkconnell; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 188; \$3.00.
 POLITICS IS FUNNY: W. E. Elliott; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 170; \$2.50.
 THE WITCH'S THORN: Ruth Park; Michael Joseph Ltd.; pp. 240; \$2.50.
 PRISONER OF GRACE: Joyce Cary; Michael Joseph Ltd.; pp. 398; \$3.00.
 MAHATMA GANDHI—PEACEFUL REVOLUTIONARY: Haridas T. Muzumdar; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 127; \$2.75.
 A SENSE OF URGENCY: C. L. BURTON; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 363; \$4.50.
 SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI: edited by Irma A. Richter; Oxford (The World's Classics); pp. 417; \$1.25.
 ATLANTIC ALLIANCE: NATO'S ROLE IN THE FREE WORLD: Royal Institute of International Affairs; Oxford; pp. 172; \$1.50.
 A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S PROSE: W. Somerset Maugham; Macmillan; pp. 338; \$3.50.
 ITALIAN OPERA: Francis Toye; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 65; \$2.00.
 THE LONG LOUD SILENCE: Wilson Tucker; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 217; \$3.00.
 JACK AND THE BEANSTALK: Walter De La Mare; Illustrated by William and Brenda Stobbs; Clarke, Irwin (A Peepshow Book); \$1.50.
 TO THE HAPPY FEW: SELECTED LETTERS OF STENDHAL: translated by Norman Cameron; Longmans, Green (Lehmann); pp. 384; \$4.25.
 ZORBA THE GREEK: Nikos Kazantzaki; Longmans, Green (Lehmann); pp. 319; \$3.00.

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- PLACIDIA'S DAUGHTER:** Nora Wydenbruck; Longmans, Green (Lehmann); pp. 271; \$2.50.
- THE DEVILS OF LOUDON:** Aldous Huxley; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 376; \$4.25.
- TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA:** K. Ziliacus; Michael Joseph; pp. 303; \$5.50.
- BASIC RULES OF ORDER:** Thomas H. Elliott; George J. McLeod; pp. 180; \$2.75.
- CANADIAN POEMS 1850-1952:** edited by Louis Dudek and Irving Layton; Contact Press; pp. 127; \$2.00.
- RAVENS AND PROPHETS:** George Woodcock; Ambassador; pp. 244; \$3.00.
- OUT OF THE DUST:** Helen Waren; Ambassador; pp. 312; \$3.75.
- THE BUILD UP:** William Carlos Williams; Ambassador; pp. 335; \$4.00.
- THE AMERICAN TWENTIES:** edited by John K. Hutchens; Longmans, Green; pp. 480; \$6.00.
- THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN:** Bruce Hutchison; Longmans, Green; pp. 454; \$5.00.
- THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY:** Ernest Buckler; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 373; \$4.50.
- SIERRA LEONE STORY:** Pearce Gervis; British Book Service; pp. 240 and 63; \$5.00.
- MASTERING YOUR DISABILITY:** Harold A. Littledale; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 224; \$3.00.
- THE AGE OF PARADOX: A BIOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND 1841-1851:** John W. Dodds; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 509; \$7.25.
- DOUKHOBORS AT WAR:** John P. Zubek and Patricia Anne Solberg; Ryerson; pp. 250; \$4.50.
- CANADIAN SHORT STORIES:** edited by Robert Weaver and Helen James; Oxford; pp. 248; \$3.50.
- CHRONICLES OF BARABBAS:** George H. Doran; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 446; \$4.50.
- A MASQUE OF AESOP:** Robertson Davies; illus. by Grant Macdonald; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 47; \$2.00.
- JOYOUS ADVENTURE:** David A. MacLennan; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 192; \$2.50.
- THE CHILDREN'S GUIDE TO CANADA'S CAPITAL:** Knott & Gagnier; B.B.S. (Brunswick Press Ltd.); pp. 26; \$1.00.
- THE CHILDREN'S COLOURED LIBRARY:** set of six little books by Hans Christian Andersen (The Wild Swans, Thumbelina, The Flying Trunk, Twelve Travelers and the Mail Coach, The Nightingale, The Swineherd), in decorative self-contained case; Brunswick Press Ltd.; \$1.50.
- THE COW WITH THE MUSICAL MOO:** Desmond Pacey; illus. by Milada Horejs and Karel Rohlicek; Brunswick Press Ltd. (A Beaver Book); pp. 25; \$1.00.
- COLLIER'S KIDS: CARTOONS FROM THE MAGAZINE:** edited by Gurney Williams; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 92; \$3.50.
- PICTURE:** Lillian Ross; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 258; \$4.25.
- SOVIET OPPOSITION TO STALIN:** George Fischer; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 230; \$5.50.
- ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT:** Paul H. Douglas; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 114; \$3.00.
- WHY DEMOCRACY?:** Alf Ross; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 249; \$6.00.
- DIARIES 1912-1924:** Beatrice Webb; Longmans, Green; pp. 272; \$4.75.
- REPORT ON SOUTHERN AFRICA:** Basil Davidson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 285; \$3.50.
- LET'S LOOK AT THE SKY:** Marie Neurath; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 36; \$1.60.
- BORDER RIVER:** A. G. Bailey; McClelland & Stewart (Indian File: 5); pp. 61; \$2.50.
- ROUND ABOUT INDUSTRIAL BRITAIN 1830-1860:** C. R. Fay; University of Toronto Press; pp. 227; \$5.50.
- THE COMMANDER COMES TO DINE:** Mario Soldati; Longmans, Green (Lehmann); pp. 223; \$2.50.
- THE AMBITIOUS COOK:** Frances Dale; Longmans, Green (Lehmann); pp. 416; \$6.00.
- CHANGING CONCEPTS OF TIME:** Harold A. Innis; University of Toronto Press; pp. 142; \$3.00.
- THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF OSGOODE HALL:** C. H. A. Armstrong; with an Essay by E. R. Arthur; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 60; \$3.00.
- CANADIAN REGIONS: A GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA:** Donald F. Putnam, Editor, J. M. Dent and Sons (Canada) Limited; pp. 601; \$9.00.
- HOLDERLIN:** Michael Hamburger; Ryerson; pp. 269; \$3.25.
- THE ROYAL STORY:** Richard J. Doyle; McGraw-Hill; pp. 319; \$2.50.
- THE MAGIC LANTERN:** Robert Carson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 504; \$4.75.
- PERSPECTIVES:** James F. Brownlee and others; British Book Service; pp. 194; \$1.00 (\$3.50 a year).
- JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS:** J. C. Smuts; British Book Service; pp. 568; \$5.00.
- THE SHOCKING HISTORY OF ADVERTISING!:** E. S. Turner; Michael Joseph; pp. 303; \$3.50.
- COLLECTIVE SECURITY:** Andrew Martin; UNESCO; pp. 243; \$1.25.

Our Contributors

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET is with the department of sociology, Columbia University. His articles, "President Eisenhower" and "What Happened to the Democratic Party?" appeared in our issues for March and October, 1952 respectively. . . . JOHN NEF is chairman of the committee on social thought, of the University of Chicago. . . . HILDA KIRKWOOD, of Brampton, Ontario, has contributed poetry and short stories to various periodicals. . . . DR. LESLIE C. COLEMAN, of Victoria, B.C., contributed an article, "The Colombo Plan and Agricultural Development" to our issue of October, 1952.

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